The Sketch

No. 2576 — Vol. CXCVIII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1943 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

THE HON. COMMANDANT OF CANADA'S WRENS.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, *wife of the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Canada, is Hon. Commandant of the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service. Canada's Wrens were formed in 1942, and Superintendent Miss J. Carpenter, who went out to recruit and organise them, was awarded the C.B.E. (Military Division) in the Birthday Honours List.*

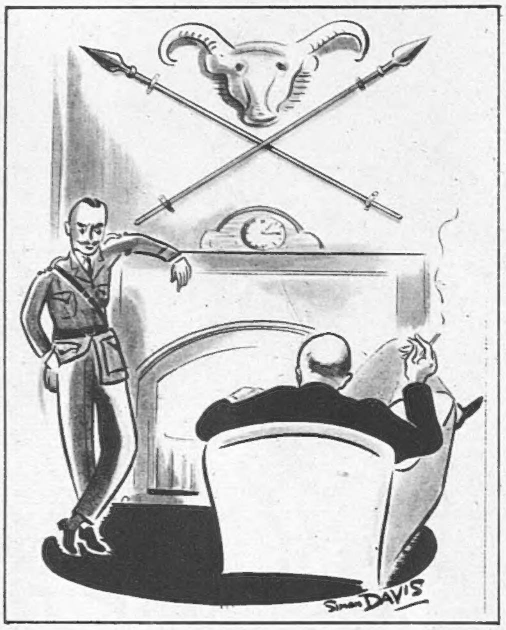
PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH, OTTAWA.

A

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Tenth Legion. This world war that we read so much about is not the only war that matters. There is another struggle which is truly a war to end war—though it does not always succeed—and which is waged unceasingly during times of peace by a comparatively small, but carefully selected, army — a *corps d'élite* of about 60,000. They are very modern and up-to-date, having existed only since 1829, at which time they were regarded, in their blue coats and top hats, as a huge joke. Anybody nowadays who regards them as a joke is liable to have another think coming, though it is still our habit (e.g., on the stage and in fiction) to poke affectionate fun at them; but then it is our British habit to do that to all the things that we respect most. You will have guessed that the Fine Body of Men to whom I am referring are the police. In the midst of total war, I am moved to write about this other peacetime army, because there lies before me a report of their campaign for one year in one small district of England. I find it a very interesting document, and I make no apology for turning for a moment from the Fortress of Europe to the Home Front.



The Squire: **"No, not native spears—only a couple of railings they left me!"**

DRAWN BY SIMON DAVIS.

A Time and Place for Everything.

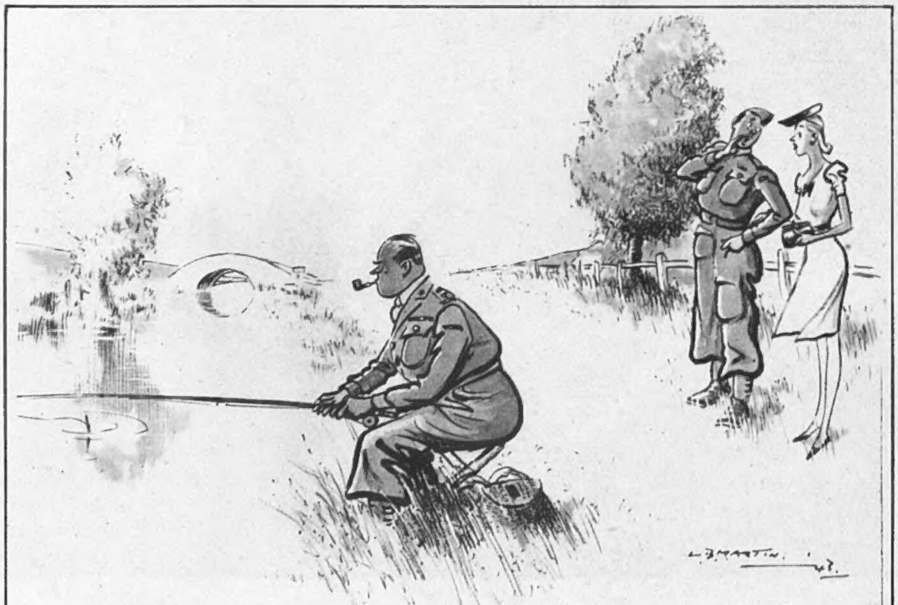
First, a word about personnel and qualifications. If you want to know the time, said the old ditty, ask a policeman. That, of course, was in days long before TIM. But you can still ask the time of a policeman, and you can ask him almost anything else about time and space, with reasonable expectation of a helpful and probably a sagacious answer. "You wouldn't believe, Sir," said my friend, Sergeant Bizzy, "what they'll ask and where they'll ask it. There was I in the middle of that nasty accident last Friday in Blank Street. There was one car right through the window of Gubbin's shop, and the other all endways in the road, and the two drivers laying there—well, not nice to look at, Sir—and the girl throwing highstrikes, and a crowd milling all round; and in the middle of it all, up comes a flustered female, and she says: 'Constable,' she says, 'can you tell me where I can get an undertaker at one o'clock?' I just give her a look, being busy at the time, but she kept on at me and threatened to report me (they always do that), and at last I says to her: 'Madam, if I hear much more from you, it's me that will be needing an undertaker.' A mistake, Sir. I didn't ought to have done it. Never try to be smart—that's the first lesson for a policeman. But they do ask for it sometimes!"

More than Coronets.

They do, indeed, but they are suffered gladly, on the whole. If you want to know not only the time, but a few of the facts of human nature, ask a policeman. They, of all men, are realists without being cynics. And, consequently, they are unique among the world's guardians of law and order, for they are the friends, and not the enemies, of the citizen. The nanny who holds out the policeman as a bogy to a naughty child is a wicked woman. The wise parent says: "Now, if you ever get lost or get into trouble, go to a nice, kind policeman and tell him all about it." Among the many pieces of improving sentiment which used to be issued as Christmas supplements, I remember a particularly touching one (it was doubtless the work of a distinguished R.A.), which depicted an enormous policeman holding up the entire traffic of London to conduct a microscopic child across the street. I still consider it a beautiful thought, and I should take a poor view of a British constable who did not quietly, but firmly, burst into tears at the touch of a small paw in his own large, masculine and prehensile hand.

Parishioner: **"I *did* enjoy your sermon, Vicar. It was full of vitamins."**

DRAWN BY PITTS.



The Private: **"One of our Commando officers. No mucking about with him! If he don't get a fish soon, he'll be in after 'em!"**

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

"When Constabulary Duty's to be Done."

These, then, being men of large heart and larger understanding, are the types we choose to protect our persons and property. But that is only a small part of their duties, and I now turn to my report, because I think that very

BOMB BERLIN WITH YOUR WASTE PAPER—EVERY BIT OF IT

few people realise how versatile our "myrmidons" are. I select a few of the items which demand the attention of a force consisting of only 145 men. There are motor patrols, which, with nine vehicles, have covered 145,000 miles in a year. In addition, Police Ambulances attended 1,676 private and 394 street accidents and covered 13,000 miles. Nearly 2,000 summonses were issued for minor offences, 1,500 persons prosecuted for more serious offences and 84 juveniles dealt with. Ordinary routine duties—patrolling, point duty, station and clerical work, and so forth—are, of course, taken for granted; but there are also inspections to be carried out of shops, cattle markets, weights and measures, articles of food, theatres and cinemas, halls for music and dancing, and 231 licensed premises. There are licences to be issued for an extraordinary variety of matters, such as dealing in game, peddling, sale of explosives, storage of petroleum and calcium carbide, taxicabs, movement of swine, keeping pigeons, firearms, together with registrations (nearly 1,600) of aliens and of workers from Eire.

"The latest line, Madam. Squander-bug brooches, to show that the wearer is conscious of the need for strict economy. In silver, five guineas; 18-carat gold, ten guineas; platinum and diamonds, forty-five guineas."

DRAWN BY PAT AULD.

All in the Day's Work.

Then there are little oddments like providing clothing for poor children and recommending down-and-outs to the Mission House. Many of the Force have an excellent working knowledge of criminal law, and some of them are skilful prosecutors (and very fair, on the whole). They have to be extremely careful in their procedure with suspects, for there is an immediate public outcry if they exceed their powers. Detective work is a business of infinite patience and thoroughness, and it is often months, or even years, before the evidence can be completed in a serious case. There are innumerable records to be maintained and a very large amount of administrative office work. There is a considerable share and responsibility in Civil Defence work. Many of the force hold high qualifications in First Aid, Ambulance and Life Saving; not a few are formidable opponents in boxing, wrestling and ju-jutsu. Taking one consideration with another, it may be that a policeman's life is not a happy one; what is certain is that it is not an idle one.

Picking and Stealing.

When it comes to crime, by far the greater part of a policeman's time is occupied in trying to preserve the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. It is one of the regrettable effects of war that that old-fashioned, but still useful, distinction is badly blurred not only in the minds of professional thieves, who are always with us, but of normally "honest" folk. It is estimated that the property, large and small, pilfered in each year of the war amounts in value to something between two and three million pounds. The railways alone lose about a million pounds' worth of goods. The tobacco trade estimates that it loses about £100,000's worth of cigarettes alone. Meat has disappeared from docks to the tune of thousands of tons. The plunder of stockings in transit has become so serious that manufacturers are now sending them to retailers under camouflaged labels. The total amount of property lost by petty shoplifting is beyond the calculation of anybody but an astronomer.

A Kink in Character.

These are distressing facts in a nation which has always had the reputation of being, like Hamlet, "indifferent honest." Of course, all these goods, at a time of rations and coupons, have a special value which adds to the temptation. We are taught not to covet our neighbour's ox or ass, and few of us have had difficulty in obeying that Commandment; but it is another matter not to covet our neighbour's eggs or stockings. Nevertheless, one would have thought that the British character was equal to the strain, and it is disillusioning to find that it is so frail. I observe that a psychologist puts it all down to a sort of social grudge which war is said to engender—the old feud between the Haves and Have-Nots. I hardly think that that explains it, because the Haves nowadays haven't so very much more than the Nots. Our righteous indignation might well be directed against the Haves of the Black Market, and it surprises me that some of them are not lynched; but, characteristically enough, we do not deal with them very vindictively. No, I fear we must put it down to that "loosening of moral ties" which we hear so much about during war. Apparently, none of us is proof against it, and so, if you feel any stirrings of kleptomania, I advise you to see a specialist at once. By the time he is finished with you, a good deal of *tuum* will be *suum*, and you will better understand the finer distinctions of property.

Eye-tie: "Ha! Beritish propaganda, trying to maka bad feeling between us and those blasteda Germans!"

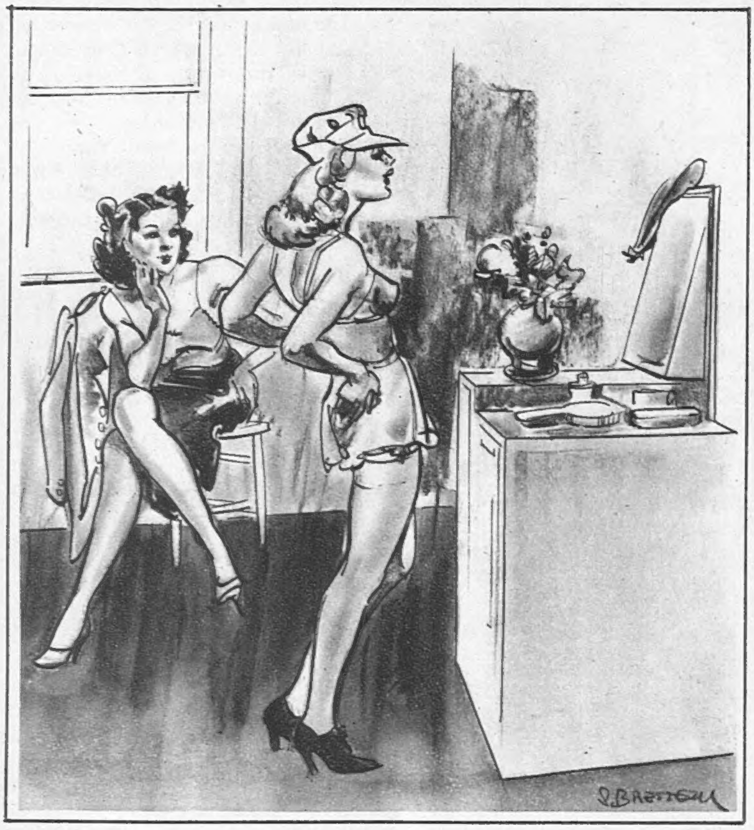
DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Safety in Numbers?

And, above all, with so much "loosening of moral ties," do be careful about sentimental attachments. Make it a rule never to go to

[Continued overleaf.

Continued.]
the altar unless you have made quite sure that you are not somebody else's husband, or that the Only Girl in the World is not somebody else's wife. I am sorry to return to a painful subject which I have mentioned before, but when I read that "bishops, judges, magistrates and social workers" have declared a "total war" on bigamy, I feel it my duty to warn even the most respectable of my readers, because very unfortunate mistakes do seem to happen.



Recruit : **"There's something about a uniform, don't you think, Meg?"**

DRAWN BY S. BRETTELL.

The report before me states that bigamists of both sexes are standing "in queues" at every Assizes. At the same time I read of a young woman, not yet thirty, in Canada—an export from this country, I regret to say—who has had eight husbands, most of them simultaneously. Since quod seems to have little effect, and may even, in some cases, be a relief from domestic complications, I do not know what remedy to suggest; but a remedy of some sort seems to be highly necessary.

Apply Within.

A step in the right direction is the "Marriage Advice Bureau," which has been opened in London under the Marriage Guidance Council, and which hopes soon to extend its activities to the provinces. The cynic may be tempted to think that if men and women cannot make up their own minds about marriage, and deal with their own worries, we have sunk to a deplorable state of individual helplessness; but there is a good deal in the Council's point of view that matrimony is a technique which does not always come by the light of nature, and that some sensible counsel, less drastic than Mr. Punch's Advice to Those About to Marry, may be valuable to simple souls. I am afraid that we cannot always rely on the principle that a girl's best friend is her mother; frankly, it all depends on the mother. There is something, I confess, a little chilling to a romantic nature in the idea of a lover going to the Bureau for advice before popping the question (and I hope guidance is provided in that delicate art), but I dare say it is better, and certainly cheaper, to consult the Bureau before than a solicitor afterwards. Marriages may be made in heaven, but they are *lived* on earth; and I hope we may regard the terrestrial bureau as merely a branch of the celestial headquarters.

King Muddle.

Also, I hope that this branch office is better than some of which we have heard a good deal lately. Lord Woolton has explained, and Mr. Mabane has explained, but not all their dulcet tones have convinced the public that the system of issuing the new ration-books and identity cards was either necessary or sensible. Anybody can see that the problem was extremely difficult, but that it had not been properly thought out is shown by the fact that a number of means of easing an almost intolerable situation have since been devised. It is not unreasonable to ask why they were not thought of before. To a plain man, it seems fairly elementary that you do not embark on a scheme involving every member of the community without considering very carefully how it is going to work in detail; and one would have thought that a great many of the hardships which have arisen were not only avoidable, but perfectly obvious on the slightest reflection. The fact that everybody is ready to accept inconveniences with sense and good humour makes it all the more a duty not to overtax patience. There is a point beyond which good will does not allow itself to be exploited.

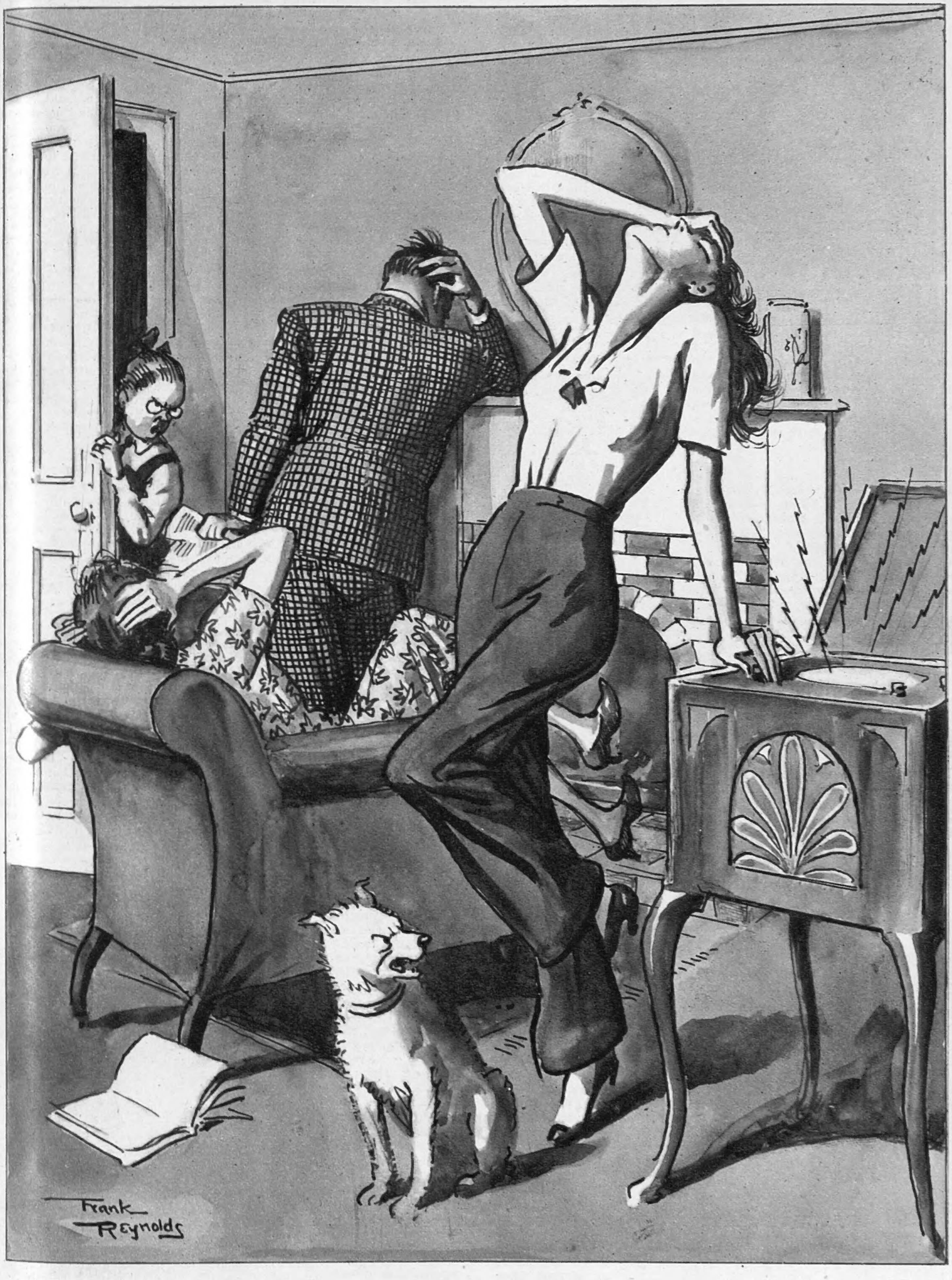
Seeing the Wheels go Round.

Well, this was a blunder, and we need not dwell on it unduly, because a total war cannot be run without mistakes, and it would take a great deal more than this to diminish the debt which we all owe to Lord Woolton. But I think there is a lesson here which goes beyond the particular instance. It is so easy for an ingenious person sitting at a desk to devise things which are admirable on paper, but which are worse than useless unless accompanied by knowledge which can picture them in practice. I observed the other day that a Member of Parliament offered the theory that the main purpose of an Act of Parliament is merely to state a principle; all the details of operation can be left for the Executive to ordain. It is exactly that sort of idea which gives rise to the brilliant "principle" that it would save staff and labour if ration-books were issued to everybody in person under an alphabetical scheme; but the "principle" is worthless unless you have first considered whether and how it is workable, and whether the general dislocation and waste of time will not be far greater than the saving of labour. Any man of affairs would approach the question from that angle—but not the bureaucrat, and, least of all, the planner who prides himself on "thinking ahead."

Our artist knocked off a few SIGNAL OFFICERS OF THE R.A.F. *at a recent Group conference presided over by their Chief Signals Officer, Group Captain Hart. The Signals Branch is that most efficient nerve upon which our lines of communication depend so much. The wireless contact between pilots, H.Q., squadrons and stations is one of the wonders of this warring world.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

The sixty-fifth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.



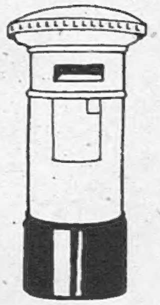
"THE NEW RATION BOOKS ARE BEING DISTRIBUTED WITHOUT ANY DELAY WHATSOEVER."

B

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—The Conductor and Faith are married. At the last moment Faith developed Qualms, Doubts and Fears. First she said she wanted to be married in a Registry Office, and when the Conductor stoutly refused to be a party to such heathenish antics, she said she couldn't be married in our Church, because the face of a Centurion in the East window always reminded her of her first husband. Lady B. and I thought this a bit far-fetched, but in the end it was arranged that they should be married in a Village Church five miles away.

"It 's just like you, Faith, to make things as difficult as possible for everybody," said Charles crossly. "I thought I should be able to pop into the Hospital on the way to the Church, and now I 've got to waste the whole afternoon driving miles into the country."

Faith's beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Of course, if you don't *want* to give me away, Charles," she said.

"About flowers——" said Lady B.

"I thought delphiniums," said Faith. "You see, blue is my colour. Two huge bunches of mixed blues would look lovely against those whitewashed walls, don't you think? I 've hired some blue carpet."

It struck me that for somebody who was suffering from Qualms, Doubts and Fears, Faith had got everything very clearly arranged, and I began to understand why she had insisted on the Village Church.

"I shall feel so awful walking up the aisle all alone," said Faith. "I was wondering, darling Henrietta, whether you would wear your long blue frock—it 's such a lovely cut—and be my Matron of Honour? You see, I 'm wearing powder blue, and a sombre touch is just what is needed."

"No, Faith," I said. "I love you very much, but I 'm not going to be a Sombre Touch at your wedding. Besides, you won't be alone—you 'll have Charles."

Charles said suddenly, "What am I going to wear?" and there was a horrible silence, because he always borrows the Conductor's wedding garments when he has to dress up.

"You can have The Suit, Old Boy," said the Conductor, too happy to be worried by such trifles.

"Don't be silly," said Lady B. "You can't marry Faith in a pair of corduroy trousers."

"He looks sweet in them," said Faith, "but they wouldn't go with my Powder Blue."

"We might do a quick change in the vestry," said Charles. "Then I could walk up the aisle in The Suit, and you could walk down in it, and the Squander Bug would fall dead in the porch." But Lady B. said Charles must wear his Best Blue, and that was the end of that.

I started very early for Faith's wedding because I hadn't been on a bicycle since the first year of the War, when I fell off, and I 'd promised Faith to give the delphiniums a final touch before the service. As I wobbled painfully past the Station the passengers from the London train were just coming out, and suddenly I saw the Awful Dan.

One of the funny things about bicycling is that whenever you particularly don't want to run into something you always do, and I found myself bearing down upon Dan at a breakneck speed. "Get out of my way, Dan!" I shouted, but Dan stood fair and square in my path and took firm hold of the handlebars, so that I shot forward and my face hit his chest, leaving a patch of powder on his uniform.

"Not for the first time," said Dan, beating his chest so that quite a cloud of powder rose in the air.

"I don't doubt it," I said coldly, for I had taken trouble with my face.

"You still look a good deal nicer than usual," said Dan kindly. Then he peered closely at me and began to laugh. "You 've got mascara on your eyelashes, you funny little thing," he said.

"I 'm going to a wedding," I said. "Faith's wedding, as a matter of fact," and I looked to see him wince.

"Good!" said Dan. "I like weddings."

He wanted to ride my bicycle and make me sit on the handlebars, but I refused to do this, so he borrowed one from the porter and we set off together, Dan with one hand between my shoulders, pushing me up the hills, so that we arrived at the Village Church in no time. After I had looked at the delphiniums, which were perfect, we went and sat in a sunny corner of the churchyard.

"By the way, who is Faith marrying?" said Dan. "That Conductor chap, I suppose?"

I nodded. "You aren't sad, are you?" I said.

"Sad? Me?" said Dan. "Why?"

"I just wondered," I said. "She 's wearing powder blue."

"She would," said Dan.

"I was nearly a Matron of Honour."

Dan, who had been lying on his back, chewing grass, turned over on his front and looked up at me. "Why not a Matron of Dishonour for a change?" he said.

"What exactly do you mean by that?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Dan, and he turned on to his back again and closed his eyes.

"'Why not a Matron of Dishonour?'"

Nearly everybody came to Faith's wedding on bicycles. The hedge outside the Village Church was stacked with them, and a woman in one of the cottages opposite gave up her front room for people to tidy themselves up in before going into the Church. Colonel Simpkins came in his little pony cart, which he hitched to the Vicarage gate, and the pony ate most of the Vicar's hedge during the service.

The Conductor, who had never had the chance of appearing in The Suit before because Charles was always wearing it, astonished us all by his magnificent appearance. Faith looked quite exquisite. Her eyes matched the delphiniums, and just the right Sombre Touch was provided by Charles's blue suit. Everybody was moved by the sight, and I felt the tears coming into my own eyes. It is a mistake to cry, even a little bit, when you have mascara on your eyelashes. In less than a minute I was in agony and the tears were pouring down my cheeks. Dan looked at me and then handed me a large, clean, white pocket handkerchief.

The reception, which was held in Faith's house, was a tremendous success. There was no champagne, but a sort of Cup, which had been brewed by Charles, produced a very hilarious spirit among the guests, and everybody, including Dan, kissed the Bride a great many times.

"What were you crying about in Church?" said Mrs. Savernack to me, rather spitefully. "The Conductor says he 's going to keep on the Choir."

"She was wishing she 'd married me instead of Charles," said Dan.

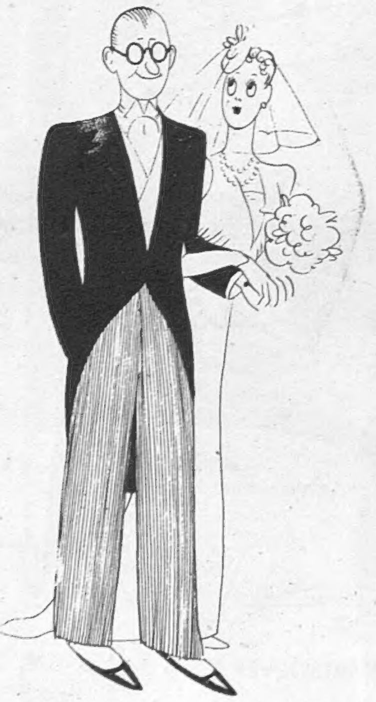
"I quite enjoyed the wedding," said Charles to me that evening. "What did you think of the Brew?"

"Excellent, and extremely potent. I enjoyed the wedding too. Dan shoved me up the hills and we sat in the churchyard and had a flirtation."

"Dan would flirt with anything," said Charles. Then he yawned and opened *The Times.*

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.



". . . . astonished us all."

"Brewed by Charles."

LIEUT. RONALD GOSLING.

SURVIVORS OF THE "V.C. BATTERY" AND THEIR WIVES.

THE soul-stirring story of the 155th Field Battery, Royal Artillery, or the "V.C. Battery," as it has been called, was released by the military authorities after Field-Marshal Lord Milne, speaking in the House of Lords, had

[Continued below.

MRS. RONALD GOSLING.

MAJOR JOHN SMITH RAWORTH, *commander of the battery, with* MRS. SMITH RAWORTH.

MRS. PHILIP KING.

Continued.]

demanded more publicity for the deeds of our Army, and instanced the epic battle fought by this battery on February 26 at Sidi Nsir, in Northern Tunisia. Although he could not in his speech indicate the name of the battery, it is plain that this is the incident to which he referred. The 155th Battery fought this action—one of the finest in the long and glorious history of the Royal Regiment of Artillery—at a cost of virtually complete extinction, but did the work entrusted to it. This was to gain time while the key-point of Beja was put into a state of effective defence. From unofficial sources it has been learned that five men of this battery are alive—prisoners of war in Italy. The two who are not pictured on this page are Lieut. R. J. H. Taylor and Sergeant Robert Henderson, N.C.O., No. 1 gun.

LIEUT. PHILIP KING.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

"HANGMEN ALSO DIE" (Tivoli and Marble Arch Pavilion) tackles a subject that seems a little too big for its author-director, Fritz Lang, and his company of Hollywood artists. This is the story of the search for the assassin of Heydrich, the Hangman of Czechoslovakia, and, more grandiosely, the apotheosis of the soul of the Czech people. The pick of the soul of the Czech people is represented by Brian Donlevy, Anna Lee, Dennis O'Keefe and dear old Walter Brennan, well known and well loved in Hollywood for his sterling "supporting" performances. Stray Continental actors, such as Alexander Granach and Rheinhold Schnitzel, are brought in to represent the Axis opposition. The result is a Hollywood thriller of the first order. As a sketch of Continental conditions under the present régime, it can scarcely be taken seriously at all.

The film opens with the shooting of Heydrich, storied Hangman or Reichs-Protektor. The killer is a Dr. Svoboda (Brian Donlevy), a surgeon at Prague's most famous hospital. A Czech professor (Walter Brennan) and his daughter (Anna Lee) shelter the wanted man, and throughout the film the fact of his identity never emerges. There is—for history has written this part of the script already—a general rounding-up of hostages by the Gestapo Chief (Alexander Granach). At intervals of so many hours the hostages are shot, the Professor sacrificing his life, and the daughter her reputation (bedroom scene in satin slip) in the cause of freedom.

In the end, Svoboda having been persuaded by the patriots that his life is essential to them, a cat's-paw is found. Czaka (Gene Lockhart), the local brewer and quisling, who has been selling souls to the Gestapo for protection, is framed for the double killing of Heydrich and the Gestapo Chief, to the satisfaction of everybody. The underground gangs up on him to a man, woman and child; defeats his alibis, lies about his movements, plants evidence of his guilt. The Gestapo, although perfectly aware that Czaka is not the murderer, accepts the overwhelming evidence to save face. The professor's daughter's lover (Dennis O'Keefe) accepts the assurance of her purity. The brewer is shot; the case is closed; the patriots sing their theme-song, something about "The war isn't won: there's work to be done: No surrendah, no surrendah, no surrendah!"; a sub-title says brightly, "Not the End"; and everyone is highly elated.

All this occupies far more time than it takes to tell: one hundred and thirty minutes, to be exact. As a study of the soul of Czechoslovakia, "Hangmen Also Die" is about as convincing as "The Sheikh" was authoritative as a study of geo-political conditions in North Africa. Dear little Miss Lee, brunetted up for the occasion, plays her part as the Czech patriotess with all the abandon of a Roedean prefect at the vicar's garden-party. Mr. Donlevy, as the Heydrich assassin, might have walked straight out of a San Francisco gambling joint, with the loaded dice in one hip-pocket and his gun in the other. Dennis O'Keefe, with his trench-coat, his good, square jaw, and his manly football tackle, seems only waiting for the college yell to go baldheaded into the big ball-game. The supporting players refer candidly to the Gestapo officer as a "flat-foot"; talk about "this dame's love-life," and with difficulty, we feel, refrain from chewing gum. The small Czech boy who is a pivot of the plot might more convincingly be delivering singing telegrams for Western Union.

The refugee actors in the cast do well, and it is mainly their zeal, plus Fritz Lang's long experience as a master of suspense, that gives "Hangmen Also Die" its limited authority. As a straightforward gangster thriller the piece ranks high. Individual scenes are handled with imagination and force. There is a fine bit of sound-technique when witnesses are questioned by the Gestapo, and each witness "passes the buck" to another, so that the answers are always misleading, always oblique. There is a memorable scene in the Prague hospital, with the backs of two silent men in white advancing irrevocably on the Gestapo Chief, both unarmed, both desperate, both mad to kill. There are imprints of a skilled technical director here, there and everywhere. There is abundant proof in "Hangmen Also Die" that Fritz Lang knows the stuff of melodrama, but little anywhere to suggest that he recognises the stuff of life.

"SALUTE FOR THREE" (Plaza) seems to me a silly little picture that is tossed up, like driftwood, on the crest of America's current war-fever. An enterprising agent (Marty May) is anxious to get his blonde client (Betty Rhodes) a top-spot in radio's cigarette hour. To do this, he builds up a newspaper romance between the girl and a war hero, Sergeant Buzz Something (MacDonald Carey), just back from the Pacific with a medal. The girl gets the top-spot. The hero, after the necessary heart-break, gets the girl. The audience gets patriotic numbers. And the agent gets a uniform. The black-out figures in it somewhere, not in the dull routine way we know the black-out, but as a sudden, emotional thing, a match-maker. And there is a great deal of talk about morale and its importance to the troops of a free country, as inspired by musical shows like "Salute for Three."

"WHEN WE ARE MARRIED" (New Gallery) is a painstaking and affectionate transcription to celluloid of J. B. Priestley's stage comedy; no new theme, but an old, familiar standby of the West End theatre, the touring companies and even the television people in the days before the war.

You probably remember the rather slim plot about the trio of Yorkshire couples who, celebrating their silver wedding, find—or think they find—they have never been legally married at all. It was a neat enough little play in Mr. Priestley's particular idiom, but on the screen it suffers from a complaint common among works translated from the legitimate theatre to the other kind—a certain lack of mobility. There is very little change of air; there are few of those special devices and tricks of the camera that are expected and even welcomed by modern picturegoers. There is a tendency for the characters simply to line up in a row and talk; positions r., l. and c. are scrupulously observed: lines, you feel, are spoken strictly on cue.

This sort of stage-photograph requires a meticulous academism, a rare precision of speech and gesture, to be carried off well. Raymond Huntley and Ernest Butcher, as two of the perplexed husbands, manage nicely enough, but their wives are not so happily cast. Since every film must have a star, Sydney Howard, the comedian, has been enrolled as the newspaper photographer who clears up the marriage tangle in the end. Mr. Howard, I fear, has been enrolled in the wrong picture.

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Margaretta Scott. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

**Cambridge: "HEARTBREAK HOUSE." Revival—John Laurie, Edith Evans, Isabel Jeans, Deborah Kerr.

*Coliseum: "IT'S FOOLISH, BUT IT'S FUN." Revue with Nervo and Knox.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker.

*Globe: "THEY CAME TO A CITY." New Priestley play with John Clements, Googie Withers, Ada Reeve.

***Haymarket: "PRESENT LAUGHTER." Noel Coward's cocktail-time play, alternating with:—

** "THIS HAPPY BREED." Noel Coward's Little Man at Home

**Palace: "HI-DE-HI." Hilarious Revue, with Flanagan and Allen, Eddie Gray, Florence Desmond.

** New: BALLET. The Sadler's Wells Co. Robert Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn. Constant Lambert conducts.

**Palladium: "BEST BIB AND TUCKER." Tommy Trinder and Co.

*Phœnix: "LOVE FOR LOVE." Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Angela Baddeley, Leon Quartermaine.

*Piccadilly: "SLEEPING OUT." Farce. Gene Gerrard, Ellen Pollock, Gus McNaughton.

**Prince of Wales: "STRIKE A NEW NOTE." George Black's new revue, with the rising generation, and Sid Field.

*Princes: "MAGIC CARPET." Musical extravaganza; Sydney Howard, Cyril Fletcher.

**St. James's: "A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY." Turgenev comedy perfectly done, with Michael Redgrave, Valerie Taylor, Ronald Squire.

**St. Martin's: "CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "JUNIOR MISS." Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Strand: "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE." Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

*Vaudeville: "MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. Michael Wilding.

*Winter Garden: "THE VAGABOND KING." Revival—Webster Booth, Tessa Deane.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

"THE HUMAN COMEDY" (Empire) is a film that simple-hearted people in this country are not likely to pass over, even without the promptings of the goodwill authorities, the people engaged in promoting Anglo-American understanding. These latter are emphatic that we should take "The Human Comedy" to our hearts. This, they tell us, is the real soul of America; this is a true portrait of the way our Allies live, think, talk and behave.

"The Human Comedy" is based on a story by America's much-discussed and highly independent playwright, William Saroyan. Saroyan, whose own views, one feels, are expressed throughout, speaks through the voice of a dead man, whose reflections, philosophies and observations on the life of his family form the texture of the picture. The relicts of the late Mr. Macauley live in Itraca, California. The small town of Itraca, we understand, with its war problems, its love-affairs, its domestic trivia, its pleasures and its griefs, is the epitome of America. The Macauleys, reading from small to large, consist of freckled four-year-old Ulysses (Jack Jenkins), nicknamed Useless by his playmates; fourteen-year-old Homer (Mickey Rooney), a telegraph-boy; sister Bess (Donna Reed), who goes to college; brother Marcus (Van Johnson), who is in the Army; and mother (Fay Bainter), whose widowhood, or simply her nature, has left her on a high moral plane.

There are also offshoots and acquaintances of the Macauleys, most of them sweet, good people; the gracious, but alcoholic, old telegrapher (Frank Morgan) with whom Homer works; the elder brother's buddy-in-arms (John Craven), who comes in time to be practically a Macauley; Homer's schoolteacher, who is kindly and tolerant, and his employer, who is young, eccentric, but overflowing with natural benevolence. Amongst all these good people Homer moves, bringing the War Department's messages of regret to bereaved families, singing birthday greetings to happy celebrants.

"The Dark Tower" (Warner) is a story of circus life. Following the subduing of an escaped lion by hypnotism, Torg (HERBERT LOM) *is engaged to add something sensational to the show. He hypnotises Mary* (ANNE CRAWFORD) *so that she can do her trapeze slide-for-life act without the use of a parasol. His influence over her eventually extends to her private life, and brings tragedy to the troupe.*

"The Human Comedy" is a leisurely, seemingly haphazard chronicle of small but moving adventures: the small Ulysses's terror at the sight of a human robot in a drug-store window; his raid on a forbidden apricot-tree; Homer's momentous journeys with his messages of cheer and sorrow; his sister's encounter with three lonely soldiers; soldier-brother Marcus playing hymns on his accordion in a troop train. It is a picture of small, disconnected episodes winningly and often tenderly shown; a sentimental piece, sometimes flowing too stickily in milk and honey; but a disarming piece, which lies wide open to criticism and yet somehow manages to keep one's sympathy.

What makes "The Human Comedy" well worth seeing is a kind of fine effortlessness, a lack of pretension for all its homilies. It has no smart set-pieces and no stunning interiors. It lives in and out of the house and all over town with a happy, reckless vagrancy. It has youth in it, and the younger the actors get, the better they seem to fit into the mood of the picture. Mickey Rooney has shed the more tiresome mannerisms of his perennially adolescent Andy Hardy, and reminds us that he became the perennial Hardy in the first place simply because he happens to be a good actor. Little Jack Jenkins, as the infant Ulysses, is probably the most memorable single factor in "The Human Comedy." He is gay without being offensive; cute without being a pest. If any humanitarian is thinking of purging the screen of its infant prodigies, they might leave me this one

"Hello, 'Frisco, Hello!" (Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion) is placed on San Francisco's Barbary Coast. The new number at Sharkey's Colosseum, played by Beulah Clancy (JUNE HAVOC), *Dan Daley* (JACK OAKIE), *Trudy Evans* (ALICE FAYE) *and Johnny Cornell* (JOHN PAYNE), *is such a hit that it draws customers from the bar, and Sharkey throws out the troupe, who find themselves bankrupt. They part, only to come together again.*

In "Flight from Freedom" (Carlton) ROSALIND RUSSELL *is girl pilot Tonie Carter under orders from the U.S. Navy, with Fred MacMurray playing opposite as pilot Randy Britton, who dislikes flying women. Japanese espionage is checked by their joint work and Tonie's sacrificing nature.*

United Artists' "Hangmen Also Die" (Tivoli), an epic of the Czech underground fight for freedom, is dated after Heydrich's assassination in 1942. Hitler takes a hand to avenge the death of his de luxe hangman. Mascha Novotny (ANNA LEE), *sensing Svoboda's* (BRIAN DONLEVY; *right) connection with Heydrich's execution, lets him stay in her house. The Gestapo round them up, but let Svoboda go free; and a quisling, played by Gene Lockhart, is denounced instead by the Czechs.*

ALL IN THE FRONT-PAGE NEWS AND THEIR

Symbol of Victory in North Africa! The PREMIER *is standing on a defeated enemy* TIGER *—a German Mark VI. Tank—and holds one of its shells in his arms.*

MARIAN PRESTON, *youngest probationer at Northlands Nursery, Gr Harwood, presented a rag doll, "Pinocchio," to the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCEST *for Prince William.* MATRON *and the* CHAIRMAN *are in the grou*

FLT. LIEUT. IAN McRITCHIE, D.F.C., *and* MRS. McRITCHIE *with their newly christened daughter,* ANNE JOYCE. *Flt. Lieut. McRitchie is an Australian night-fighter pilot, serving with the R.A.F.*

The TWIN DAUGHTERS *of* FLT. LIEUT. HAROLD *and* MRS. HIL *came to church to see their grandfather, the* REV. R. J. PEYTON BURBERY, *christen their* TWIN BABY BROTHERS.

A/LT.-COMDR. PETER SCOTT, *artist son of the explorer, was awarded the D.S.C. for work as a leader of the "little ships." He is with* MRS. SCOTT.

MISS MOURA LYMPANY, *the young English pianist, will be the soloist at the opening night of Sir Henry Wood's 49th Season of Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall on June 19.*

P/O. ANTHONY MARTIN SINGER *and* P/O. PETER LLOYD SINGER *are twins of t Royal New Zealand Air Force. They enlisted together, have been on twen nine operational flights together, and have both been awarded the D.F.*

...F THE WEEK: NOTABLE PEOPLE ...CTIVITIES.

...rriage of CAPTAIN the MASTER OF POLWARTH, *Lothians and Border ...nry, grandson and heir of Lord Polwarth, to* MISS CAROLINE MARGARET ...*daughter of the late Captain R. A. Hay, took place at St. Margaret's.*

CAPTAIN HENRY MARVIN CARR, *war artist with the First Army, had almost completed this portrait of* GENERAL EISENHOWER, *the Allied C.-in-C., when the camera took painter and subject.*

... GIBSON, *wife of Wing Commander ... Penrose Gibson, V.C., the pilot who ... daring and successful raid on the ... dams, is seen at home after a ... work in a camouflage factory.*

The marriage of MLLE. FRANCINE HALPHEN, *niece of Mrs. Meyer Sassoon, to* MR. CHARLES CLORE, *took place recently in London. The bride has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre.*

The marriage of MISS HEDY LAMARR, *the beautiful screen star, to* JOHN LODER, *who is equally well known in the film world, took place recently in Beverly Hills, California.*

MAJOR *(Temporary Lieut.-Colonel)* LORNE MACLAINE CAMPBELL, D.S.O., T.D., *the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, has been awarded the V.C. for having " dominated the battlefield by a display of valour and utter disregard for personal safety . . ." at Wadi Akarit on April 6. He won the D.S.O. at Dunkirk—and the title of " The Man the Argylls would follow anywhere "—and a month ago earned a bar to his D.S.O.*

... DOROTHY BOTTILL *and* A/C. BETTY BOTTILL *are twins of the ...A.F. They are attached to a fighter station near London. Dorothy is a driver and Betty a clerical worker.*

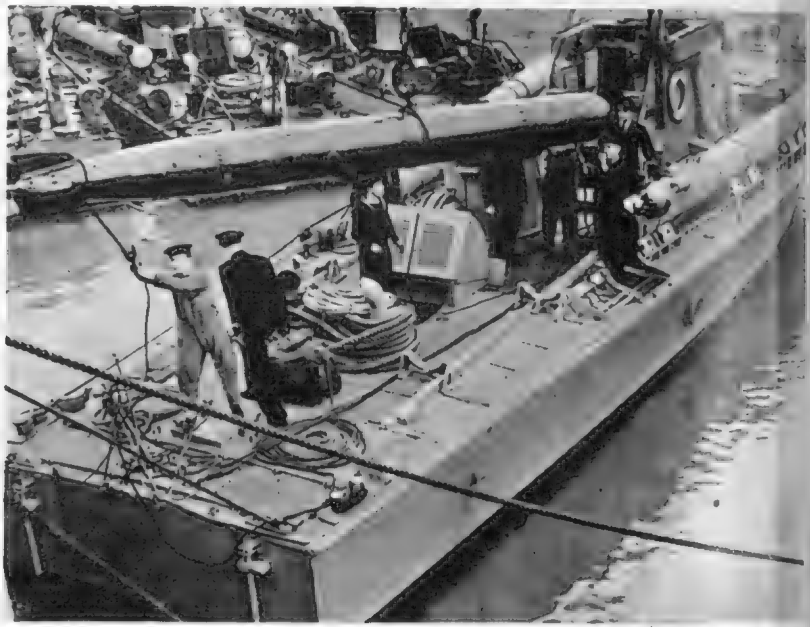
MISS DARIN BAYAN, *the Russian singer, arranged to sing at the Cambridge Theatre concert for Whit Sunday, June 13, with Sir Henry Wood and the L.S.O. She is a pupil of Dino Borgioli.*

GOOD HUNTING WITH THE M.T.B.

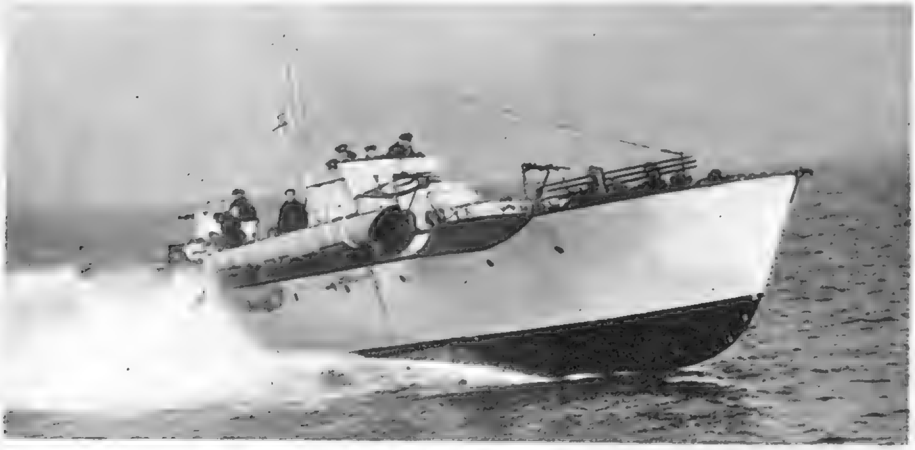
Swift, silent and deadly: a motor torpedo-boat speeding over the grey seas behind her own protective smoke-screen, which hides her from the enemy and helps her to elude danger.

LIEUT. P. G. DICKENS, M.B.E., R.N., *grandson of the famous novelist, is "king" of an M.T.B. Flotilla. He's a grand leader, daring and brilliant.*

Except for a little spray, there is no sign of bursting depth-charges. They have exploded far below the surface, timed to damage deep-diving submarines.



Lowering a "tin fish" (the name by which torpedoes are known in the Royal Navy) into position. Great care must be taken when handling such a deadly missile as a 21-in. torpedo, filled with gun-cotton.



Full speed ahead—this M.T.B. is all out, her engines making speech inaudible. The Coxswain's job calls for skill and daring, as, if she were to hit a piece of submerged wreckage she would probably capsize.

THE modern motor torpedo-boats are our fighter seacraft—they are lineal descendants of the coastal motor-boats of the last war, though they are far faster and more deadly. They are primarily intended as the killers of the 28-knot *Galietboots* and E-boats sent by the enemy to prey on Channel convoys, and can indulge in tip-and-run tactics.

[*Continued opposite.*

On the bridge of the leader of the Flotilla are Lieut. Dickens (right), the Coxswain (centre) and the Commander (left). The float ready for use in foreground should be noted.

FIGHTER SEACRAFT IN ACTION.

A speck shows on the horizon. A Focke-Wulf? The gunner climbs into his bullet-proof gun mounting, ready to give the raider a warm reception. The guns can be swung in any direction.

Preparing a "sleeping dose" for an enemy submarine. The officer and men are setting a charge to explode at a pre-arranged depth under the water.

"The torpedoes must run true," says Torpedoman A. B. E. Saxby, as he makes a final adjustment to the firing mechanism of the deadly "tin fish."

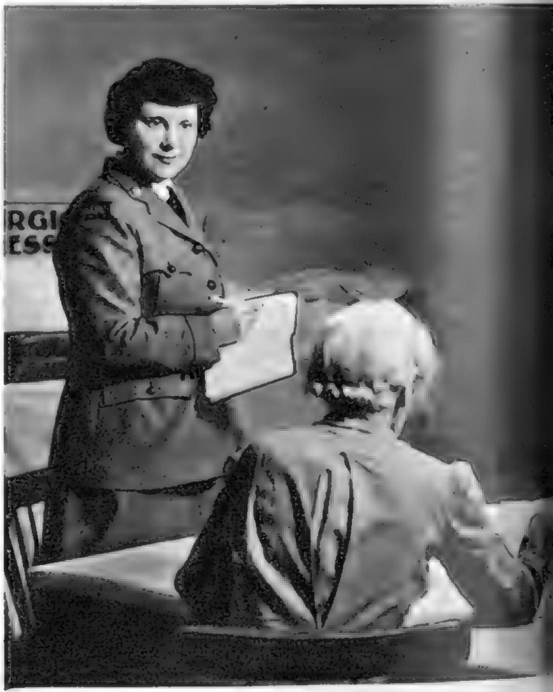
"Take avoiding action!" The Petty Officer in charge of the smoke-boxes prepares the protective smoke-making mechanism to cloak the M.T.B. from enemy eyes.

Continued.]
They are specially valuable in night attacks, for they cruise along almost silently, fire their torpedoes and, swiftly accelerating, swerve away into the blackness and are lost to the enemy's ken. The remarkable photographs on these two pages give some idea of what it is like aboard an M.T.B. in action.

OTTAWA'S "INTERNATIONAL PLATOON MOBILISED FOR

The Netherlands—BARONESS ROELL came to Canada with Princess Juliana. She studied clinical analysis at Leyden University, and in Ottawa works in the Blood Donor Clinic.

British—LADY DUFF, wife of Sir Patrick Duff, Deputy Commissioner for the U.K. During the Battle of Britain she was at a Foreign Office F.A.P. She has also done V.A.D. and fire-fighting work.



Brazil—MME. DE MELLO FRANCO, wife of the Brazilian Minister. She is a new arrival in Canada and has thrown herself enthusiastically into the work of the Ottawa branch of the Canadian Red Cross.

Canada—MRS. CHARLES GAVAN POWER, wife of Major the Hon. Charles Gavan Power, M.C., M.P., Canada's Minister for Air and Associate Minister of National Defence, does important work in the Blood Donor Clinic.

THE personnel of the Ottawa headquarters of many members of the Diplomatic Corps as and is so cosmopolitan that it is called the "In Red Cross Organisation—some members are at Clinic, others at the Army Medical Corps, the Medical Corps. Our pages show some of these talents at the disposal of the Red Cross Organ

PHOTOGRAP

N.B. A Coloured P

NF WORKERS: DIPLOMATS' WIVES
RED CROSS.

Inited States—MRS. LEWIS CLARK, *wife of the First Secretary of the American Legation, came to Canada from China and Paris. She's a graduate of Vassar and has been an American Red Cross Nursing aid for two years.*

United States—MRS. JOHN WILLIS TUTHILL, *wife of the Third Secretary of the American Legation, was born in China, but educated in the U.S. and graduated at Wheaton College. She is an efficient secretary.*

France—MRS. ROBERT REID MOFFAT, *wife of a Navy Department official in Ottawa, is French by birth. A gold medallist of the Sorbonne, she works in the orderly room at the Rideau Military Hospital.*

dian Red Cross Organisation includes the wives of
ives of important Dominion Ministers and officials,
al Platoon." It works at various sections of the
ners of War Bureau, some at the Blood Donor
ilitary Hospital and the Directorate of the Army
of all nationalities who have put their time and
They wear the smart grey Canadian Red Cross

n, OTTAWA.

nserted in this issue.

Yugoslavia—MME. ISADORE CANKAR, *wife of the Yugoslav Minister to Canada, assists in the Prisoners of War comforts department in the Military Base Post Office, Ottawa. Since the invasion of Yugoslavia by the Nazis, King Peter and his Government have been established in London.*

NEW ZEALAND GIRLS *from the Forces put on a charming full-dress dancing and singing act.*

N.Z. ITEMS FROM THE ALLIED "GET TOGETHER" CONCERT IN CAIRO.

THESE two excellent New Zealander items were among the turns given at an Allied "get together" Command performance in that very social centre of the Allied Forces—Cairo. British and American troops of both sexes formed both audience and performers, and the occasion was one of a number of Middle East meetings arranged to bring Americans and British together and to foster that grand spirit of friendship which is already so strong between them.

Right: A posture dance was given by A GROUP OF SOME SIXTY MAORI MEN AND ONE WOMAN, *with vocal accompaniment.*

CAPTAIN CLARK GABLE, *fully kitted-up, inspects his Flying Fortress somewhere in England.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

CAPTAIN CLARK GABLE, for modestly hoping to drop publicity for the duration by entering this country as plain Captain Gable.

As gunnery instructor, the star points out an important detail of the machine-gun sighting to a couple of compatriots.

CLARK GABLE, £89,000-a-year film-star, is in England. He slipped into this country as plain ('ware fans!) Captain Gable, U.S. Air Force, hoping to hide his world-famous identity under the flying helmet of a gunnery instructor. He wants to get down to the job as the others are doing, and is he doing it! Immediately after the attack on Pearl Harbour (December 1941) the forty-one-year-old star wrote to President Roosevelt offering his services to the Army. Replying personally, the President asked Mr. Gable to go on making pictures, emphasised the value of a good civilian morale. However, eventually he enlisted in the U.S. Army, and later was assigned to the Army Air Force officers candidates' school in Florida. In May this year he made his first operational flight in a Flying Fortress and now he is over here, a gunnery instructor, who in addition to his duties, has been making films for instructional purposes. Clark Gable, at £89,000 a year, is the second-highest salaried man in the United States, and worth every penny of it to his admirers, who are as the sands of the sea shore. He is one of the most popular screen actors in the world. It will be remembered that his distinguished screen-actress wife, Carole Lombard, died tragically in 1941 in a 'plane crash.

He walks round the tail of his 'plane—"Belly Gun" by name—which is armed to the teeth with machine-guns.

That celebrated screen smile, with its dame-destroying dimple is displayed as Captain Gable turns round in the cockpit.

Old Admiral Trimble (C. AUBREY SMITH), *who builds the house—five miles from London in 1804—which provides the setting for the saga of his descendants.*

The marriage of Bill Trimble, son of the Admiral (RAY MILLAND), *and Susan* (ANNA NEAGLE). *Bill is killed at Trafalgar, but leaves a son.*

Susan and Mrs. Trimble (DAME MAY WHITTY) *in the garden of the Admiral's house with the cradle for Bill's baby son.*

CHARLES LAUGHTON *as Bellamy, the butler who looks after Dexter Pomfret's well-stocked cellar and is not averse from a glass himself.*

The new bathroom! Dexter Pomfret has the mechanism of the shower-bath explained by the mechanic, Dabb (SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE), *and his assistant* (BUSTER KEATON).

Dexter Pomfret, nineteenth-
sympathetically to the plans of
to America and view

Jim Trimble and Jenny, the housemaid (IDA LUPINO), *watch the Diamond Jubilee procession from the porch of the Trimble house. They are in love with each other.*

UNA O'CONNOR *as the owner of the Trimble house in 1917 during the First World War. It has been sold, and has become a prosperous hotel sheltering a motley collection of inhabitants.*

Mr. Barringer (ROLAND YOUNG) *has*
entertains young Ned Trimble (ROBERT
and Marjorie

"FOREVER AND A DAY"—FILM SAGA OF A HOUSE AND ITS INHABITANTS FROM 1804 TILL 1943.

...brose Pomfret (CLAUDE RAINS), *the rich man who has succeeded in evicting* ...*r impoverished Trimbles from their old home, vents his spite on the portrait of the Admiral who built the house.*

Mildred Trimble (JESSIE MATTHEWS), *granddaughter of the Admiral, with her husband, Dexter Pomfret* (IAN HUNTER). *Her marriage has made her mistress of the old Trimble house.*

...*ntury business man, listens* ...*is son, who is determined to go* ...*e New World.*

Ultra-modernity of 1897 : Sir Anthony Trimble Pomfret (EDWARD EVERETT HORTON) *takes his family* (ISOBEL ELSOM, WENDY BARRIE, JUNE DUPREZ *and* WENDELL HEWLETT) *out in the new car.*

Coalman Jim Trimble (BRIAN AHERNE) *explains to Sir Anthony Trimble Pomfret that a horse and a cart is sometimes better than a horseless carriage!*

...*t his son in the 1914-18 war, but* ...MMINGS), *an American soldier,* ...ERLE OBERON).

During the blitz, Gates Pomfret (KENT SMITH), *grandson of old Sir Anthony Trimble Pomfret, meets the new owner of the house, Leslie Trimble* (RUTH WARRICK), *who has restored the mansion.*

During the air-raid winter of 1940-41, the old Trimble house gives shelter to crowds who sleep there uneasily through the nightly raids. HERBERT MARSHALL, *as the curate, is in the centre.*

"FOREVER AND A DAY" is a new R.K.O. Radio chronicle film. It tells the story of a British family from 1804 until the present day, against the background of their ancestral house, built in 1804 by old Admiral Trimble. The picture opens at the Leicester Square Theatre on June 17 with a *première* in aid of the Red Cross and St. John. A precedent in generosity has been created by "Forever and a Day," for all the distribution profits on it—that is, from every performance—will be devoted to charities selected by an independent board consisting of Lord Iliffe, Arthur Rank, Reginald Bromhead and Herbert Wilcox. In America, President Roosevelt has nominated the National Foundation of Infantile Paralysis as the recipients of profits. Every artist, producer, director and writer connected with the film has given his or her services free. The picture weaves a dramatic story from the lives and fortunes of the descendants of old Admiral Trimble in this country and in the U.S.A.

HERMIONE GINGOLD AND WALTER CRISHAM IN A NEW REVUE:

"*Arsenic and Old Plays*": HERMIONE GINGOLD *as Lilian Braithwaite*, EDNA WOOD *as Grete*, MARY IRWIN *as Nanette, and* BRENDA BRUCE *as Mary Jerrold. Lilian finds "The Dancing Years" and "No, No, Nanette" in the chest and says: "These aren't our revivals. Run away and come back in about ten years."*

"*Sea Piece*": WALTER CRISHAM *as a disgruntled mariner, who has been long at sea. "I had a circular to-day from Madame Prunier, which, in these circumstances, is about the end."*

"*Arsenic and Old Plays*": HERMIONE GINGOLD *and* BRENDA BRUCE *as Lilian Braithwaite and Mary Jerrold. Lilian says: "Poor, tired revivals. It's time they were buried decently where the managers can't get at them."*

"SWEET AND LOW," new revue, was due for its first night at the Ambassadors on Thursday last, June 10. Hermione Gingold and Walter Crisham star in this light-hearted and witty show, which has been written and composed by a number of authors, including Eric Maschwitz, Nicholas Phipps, Leslie Julian Jones, Jack Strachey, Nina Warner Hooke, Alan Melville, and others. One of the high spots is "Arsenic and Old Plays" by

[*Continued opposite.*

"*Let me run to you*": HERMIONE GINGOLD *sings to "Miss Gingold's Other Friend." The management had promised her a partner for this number, but no young man turns up and she must "make do."*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

"SWEET AND LOW" BURLESQUE, WIT AND MERRIMENT.

"Parliament Square": WALTER CRISHAM as an American soldier addresses Abraham Lincoln, saying: "I guess it's swell to meet someone from your own home town; a guy gets kinda lonely at times."

"Borgia orgy," a quartet by John Jowett and Robert Gordon: BONAR COLLEANO, HERMIONE GINGOLD, WALTER CRISHAM and ILENA SYLVA as the Borgias planning a lethal menu for the unfortunate guests invited to the banquet. They sing "The Borgias are giving an orgy, It's a Borgia orgy to-day."

"Miss Gingold's Other Friend": A touching love song to a hot-water bottle. Miss Gingold's opening number is "Miss Gingold's Friend" which runs "I do miss Hermione badly."

OHN VICKERS.

"What with men, husband and le Tutor and Michael Redgrave's beard, I shall go, how you say, quite fou. It is impossible that I should spend another Month in the Country." WALTER CRISHAM burlesques as Valerie Taylor in the Turgenev revival.

Continued.]
Hermione Gingold. This amusing burlesque of "Arsenic and Old Lace," the big success in which Lilian Braithwaite and Mary Jerrold star at the Strand Theatre, takes off the present-day fashion for reviving old plays. Miss Gingold's numbers include "Walhalla is not the Same," in which she appears as Brunnhilde, and a take-off of Carmen Miranda in a Fire-fighting song.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"THE MINISTRY OF FEAR" is a superior spy-story, written in the grand manner and recalling, in the author's treatment of his subject, the murky intensity of Conrad's "Secret Agent." Mr. Graham Greene's scene is London in the blitz, and among the minor characters the German bombs must be reckoned as not the least amiable. The human beings who decorate the stage are, for the most part, members of the enemy's secret terrorist organisation—the "Ministry of Fear"; all unknowing, the kind-hearted Arthur Rowe gets involved with them at a garden fête given for "Free Mothers." Mr. Graham Greene's memorable gift for irony could not be used to better effect than in this opening chapter. Indeed, irony rules the book; the most terrible incidents happen in the most incongruous surroundings—a tailor's shop or a gentlemen's lavatory. Not only in the placing of the episodes is this irony manifest, it also directs the main spiritual interest of the story. Arthur Rowe, who had poisoned his wife rather than see her suffer, is a murderer haunted by remorse. Half-way through the story, he mercifully (if any of the happenings in "The Ministry of Fear" can be called merciful) loses his memory and regains his happiness. But to bring the criminals to book he must regain his memory and lose his happiness—at least, the girl he loves, herself a half-hearted, but by no means inactive, member of the gang, is in terror that this will happen.

The skill with which Mr. Graham Greene conducts his intricate narrative is astonishing, as is the art by which Arthur's awareness of the true import of what is going on is kept a step or two behind the reader's. There seems to be a certain amount of mystification for mystification's sake; but, on closer scrutiny, the most inexplicable effect is found to have its cause, and the loose ends left are very few. Technically, the novel maintains an amazingly high level of accomplishment.

An Entertainment? But Mr. Graham Greene classes it as an "entertainment," and this makes one pause; for, granting that all fiction should entertain, the term is surely a misnomer for a story in which half-a-dozen people, who have caused, or been prepared to cause, unlimited suffering to others, are themselves killed in circumstance of peculiar horror. Mr. Greene's insistence on cruelty and suffering seems to me slightly morbid. That they may contribute to spiritual development is true; but to dwell on them for their own sakes is like going for a motor drive in the hope of an accident. Most of the characters are moral imbeciles, and even Rowe, struck by Tolstoy's disapproval of bloodshed, reflects: "Why does he write as if the worst thing we can do to our fellow-man is to kill him? Everybody has to die and everybody fears death, but when we kill a man we save him from the fear which would otherwise grow year by year"—an utterly fallacious argument, for most people mind the idea of death less as they grow older. The Sixth Commandment is quite explicit, and infringements of it cannot be excused by such sophistries, or on the grounds that they produce interesting reactions in the soul.

Towards the end of the book the arch-criminal, recollecting during an air raid that he had failed to bring about the deaths of more than five people, reflects that "it hadn't been much of an innings compared with what they were having up there." This, of course, is true, and it reminds us that however extravagant Mr. Graham Greene's picture of human nature might have seemed to our grandfathers, it does not seem so exaggerated to-day. We can no longer say, "People don't do such things." All the same, the idea, which Rowe puts forward somewhere, that "it isn't being happy together that makes one love—it's being unhappy together," seems to me to imply a misunderstanding of love. Flowers can grow on a dunghill or on the ruins left by an air raid, but they grow better in a garden.

An Action in the Mediterranean. "The Ship" is another novel of the war, but here death and suffering, though we encounter both, are only incidental to Mr. Forester's main purpose, which is to show how a certain naval action in the Mediterranean, not very important in itself, changed the course of the war and saved civilisation. The *Artemis* was a light cruiser, one of a convoy bringing supplies to Malta; and on its way it comes in contact with a detachment of the Italian Fleet, much superior in strength and numbers. The novel consists in a minute-to-minute description of this action, which, presumed to begin after an attack by dive-bombers had been beaten off by the *Artemis*, takes only a few hours; but during this breathless time Mr. Forester, whose technique is in its different way as admirable as Mr. Graham Greene's, manages to give us a character-sketch and life history of a score and more of the 600 officers and men who formed the complement of the *Artemis*—from the Captain, a born fighting man liable to sudden gusts of temper, to Triggs, the one unsatisfactory member of the crew, who, nevertheless, gave a good account of himself that day. As each man is introduced we are told what his particular job consisted in. Mr. Forester's knowledge of the science of gunnery, as well as the whole routine on board a man-of-war, seems to the lay reader well-nigh miraculous—he has the almost passionate interest in machinery characteristic of our age; war and engines of war have always fascinated him, and touched his pen with a sombre eloquence that rises almost to poetry. To realise what he can do in this direction, turn to his description of the fire that broke out in the *Artemis* after she had been hit (bottom of page 103), and the thrilling rhapsody on cordite on page 146.

Men and Machines. But, as he says: "However perfect the machines, war in the last analysis is fought by men whose nerves must remain steady to direct the machines, whose courage must remain high when they, as well as their machines, are in danger, whose discipline and training must be such that they work together." His very fine novel might have been designed to expand and illustrate this truth. Courage, discipline and training are words we all know, but their meanings, when used in connection with one of the fighting Services, cannot be understood by a civilian without help from someone who has inside knowledge; for the ideas they embody are not only personal, but traditional, and their collective effect is to inspire an unquestioning devotion to duty which no man, perhaps, could compass by himself, and for which heroism is too individualistic a term. On every page of "The Ship" we are made aware of this almost mystical corporate spirit which enables men to give better than their best, and Mr. Forester is to be congratulated not only on having written a magnificent account of a naval engagement, but also on having—a much harder task—interpreted the spirit in which it was fought.

À propos recent anti-Axis events in the Argentine, here is a photograph, taken at the foot of the Embassy staircase, of H.E. Señor Don Miguel Carcano, the Argentine Ambassador, with his wife, Señora Carcano, and their two daughters, Señorita Stella (left) and Señorita Ana Ines. The Ambassador gave a party recently to a large number of Argentinians resident in London.

A Gallery of Rogues. Mr. Stephen Lister is as ironical as Mr. Graham Greene; his subject, too, is a conspiracy—the nature of which reveals itself to the reader sooner than to Jeremy Dowbiggin, notwithstanding the latter's quick wits; and his picture of human nature is intensely disagreeable. He is a satirist, never shocked, seldom compassionate. He is not much interested in suffering; his object is to reveal the ingenious dishonesty of mankind, and to make it as amusing as possible.

In this he succeeds. "Softly, Softly Catchee Monkey!" is a very entertaining book. Jeremy Dowbiggin, too adventurous by temperament to submit to the dull routine of the insurance office where his father works, sets up in the advertising business with sensational success. From the promoters of the vaguely named "Christian Movement" he draws an immense salary. If he is a little slow in realising what these particular "Christians" stand for, it is because he has formed the habit of mistrusting all mankind, and therefore sees nothing especially sinister in the activities of Mr. Turner and Mr. Lefroy. In the meanwhile, his private life revolves with dizzy speed around three women, of whom his wife is the least to his taste. Jeremy is a "card," and at first one cannot help liking him; towards the end Mr. Lister, on debunking bent, debunks him, too, and the reader, with no one to like or to feel sorry for, closes the book with a chuckle and a sigh. It has been a high-spirited performance, in the course of which many true things are said by persons to whom truth means very little. Like most satirists, Mr. Lister has ideals; but he does not embody them in any of his characters.

Danger in Norfolk. Anyone proposing to take a holiday on the Norfolk Broads might think twice about it after reading "The Worsted Viper." Murder, witchcraft and abduction haunt those placid waters; and if the different *motifs* at times become entangled, the reader must be hard to please who does not find some crime to his taste. Miss Gladys Mitchell has written a lively story; the dialogue is brighter than that achieved by many writers of detective fiction; and it is pleasant to meet Mrs. Bradley again, and to know that her grin is as innocent of mirth as ever, and as full of peril for evil-doers.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Ministry of Fear. By Graham Greene. (*Heinemann; 8s. 6d.*)
The Ship. By C. S. Forester. (*Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.*)
Softly, Softly Catchee Monkey! By Stephen Lister. (*Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.*)
The Worsted Viper. By Gladys Mitchell. (*Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.*)

"HI-DE-HI" BEAUTY AND BURLESQUE.

"Tales of the Vienna Woods," with the Ballet, and GWEN CATLEY as the Singer.

"I Want to be a Dancer": MEDLOCK and MARLOWE combine crazy knockabout with grace, in a brilliant exhibition.

"MONSEWER" EDDIE GRAY, the ventriloquist, finds it more difficult to control the dummy than to manage the voice!

"MONSEWER" EDDIE GRAY juggles expertly while letting off a stream of amusing chatter.

"Middle East": "BUD" FLANAGAN has temporarily "turned to stone" CHESNEY ALLEN, EDDIE GRAY and FLORENCE DESMOND!

"Hyde Park Panorama": The Glamour Girls appear as Ice, Rain, Hail and Snow Queens.

"No Sunday Openings": FLORENCE DESMOND rises from her sick bed and in a state of delirium "takes off" many of her star friends in a series of bright burlesques.

"Hyde Park Panorama": FLORENCE DESMOND as Queen Victoria. She repeats the speech made by her late Majesty when she became Empress of India.

"HI-DE-HI," Jack Hylton's new show at the Palace Theatre, is the best of good fun. Florence Desmond, Flanagan and Allen, Eddie Gray and Gwen Catley all weigh in with their different talents and help to make the entertainment one of the liveliest in London. On these pages we illustrate some of the twenty numbers. The Hi-de-Hi steppers and Showladies give the stars splendid backing.

MAMBA'S LAIR.*

By RICHARD GRANT.

JIM GRISWOLD inherited the farm in the Drakensberg foothills from his Uncle Arnold. Arnold had been found dead on the veldt a mile from his house in suspicious circumstances. He had gone out to shoot duiker; one barrel of his gun was discharged and the weapon lay across his body. The fatality might have been presumed accidental, but Arnold's money and watch were missing. Moreover, the gun had been wiped clean of fingerprints.

The farmer was unpopular; a hard, quarrelsome man, and in that district there were plenty to oppose him. However, the killer was not discovered; Jim Griswold entered into his inheritance, and in a few weeks the excitement died down and the murder became just another of the unsolved mysteries of the veldt.

Jim spent some time in private investigations. His uncle had been killed in a lonely spot among rocky hills and deep kloofs; the murderer could have departed unseen, without leaving tracks. It was Jim's belief that Arnold had encountered an enemy that morning, probably a stranger in the district, who had knocked him down, shot him with his own gun, and robbed the body. Arnold's early life had been wild and roving: undoubtedly he had enemies who might seize the opportunity for revenge. But no stranger was reported in the locality at the time, and all the resident suspects had unshakeable alibis. Jim was baffled.

He had a peculiar hobby—collecting snakes. At one time he had been employed in the Government Snake Park and had learnt to handle the reptiles.

Farming was not very profitable in that part; Jim supplemented his income by sending snakes to Port Elizabeth, earning a steady five pounds a month by this trade.

One morning, while clambering among the kopjes, he came on a little grotto; a recess in the wall of rock. It was no larger than a room, surrounded by rocky palisades, its entrance a narrow gap between buttresses. The floor of this little amphitheatre was of sand, sparsely covered by tufts of thin grass. Beside the entrance, basking in the warmth, lay a large black mamba.

The mamba is the Attila of snakes; it is a thin, agile reptile, possessed of dauntless ferocity, and its bite is death. This one was six feet long, and Jim's eyes glittered as he watched it, for it was worth at least two pounds to him. He knew all about the creatures—that they will attack without provocation, can move incredibly fast, and seem to resent a trespasser in their domain. He also knew that they distil a most virulent nerve poison which kills rapidly and agonisingly. The knowledge excited but did not frighten him.

He climbed cautiously on to a boulder and crawled forward until he was above the quarry. It probably lived in a hole among the rocks: he must pin it before it could escape or attack. His weapons were a twelve-foot wand with a forked end and a canvas bag.

The snake lay coiled, its head on the sand, its lidless eyes bright as jewels. It made no move, and Jim knew it was asleep. Inch by inch he advanced his stick, until, with a sudden jab, he pinned the wicked head to the ground. Then the snake awoke and threshed and twined all its supple length.

Jim slipped down from the rock and seized the captive by the neck with thumb and finger. The snake's body slid round his legs and waist, but he did not flinch; the mamba has no power of constriction. With his free hand he gathered the coils into his bag, kneeling on it to constrain them; then he released the head, snatched away his hand, and pulled the draw-string tight.

With immense satisfaction he sat down to rest and smoke a cigarette. An object in the grass caught his eye; he examined it with astonishment for a moment before putting it carefully in his pocket.

Three years later Jim Griswold was travelling to England on board a liner. After dinner one night he was seated in the smoke-room together with other South Africans. The talk had turned to dangerous adventures on the veldt, and a vigorous, boastful fellow was relating an experience with a snake.

"It was in Natal," he said. "I was travelling alone by car through rough country, all kloofs and kopjes. In those days I was dealing in hides and did a lot of motoring round the farms. Well, there was a small leak in the radiator and I stopped to look for water. Clambering about on the side of a kopje, I slipped and fell, rolling down to the edge of a cliff and landing plump in a bed of sand at the foot of it. The fall knocked me out, because for some minutes I didn't know what had happened. Then I found myself still alive, with a cut head and a badly-sprained ankle.

"I was in a little kloof no bigger than this room, and it was closed in by rocks twenty feet high, as smooth as a wall. There was a gap like a gateway facing me, and through it I could see the open hillside, but to one side of that gap, close to the wall, lay a wopping big mamba. It was coiled, with its head raised, watching me with eyes like lamps. I suppose my fall had alarmed it."

The narrator paused to look round at his audience, enjoying the horrified expressions of these men who knew the proclivities of a mamba and realised to the full his desperate plight. He grinned and took a sip of his whisky; he was pleased to be the centre of such rapt interest.

"Well, there was I, without a weapon, unable to walk or climb, and that brute watching me, hissing a little as it worked itself into a rage. I tell you, I nearly passed out with fright. I knew it would attack before long, and I thought about as fast as I 've ever thought in my life. I had to crawl out of that place, and the only way was past the snake. I should be within six feet of it and there wasn't a chance in a thousand of dodging its strike. But I had to make the attempt, for in another minute or two it would come for me; already it was rising up and beginning to sway, the way they do before they go on the warpath.

"I tried to think of some way of pacifying it—distracting its attention. Then I remembered my watch. It was a gold watch in a closed case. I took it out, held it by the chain, and began to swing it slowly to and fro. As it swung it flashed and glittered in the sunlight, and the snake's gaze went to it. It seemed to fascinate the brute. He started to sway his head in time with it, and he stopped hissing.

"I crawled forward on hands and knees, swinging the watch all the time, and that snake never looked at me. He had eyes for nothing but the glittering thing that moved to and fro, just the same as himself.

"I tell you, when I got opposite him I was almost petrified: he could have nailed me with one jab. It seemed an hour before I got past. Then my nerve failed. I felt he was going to chase me, and I got up and ran. Yes, in spite of my sprained ankle, I ran somehow.

"Well, that 's all there was to it. I found a branch to use as a crutch and made my way up a sluit in the kopje back to the road and my car. That 's how I was saved by a watch."

He leant back, smiling, and lit a fresh cigarette. Amidst a buzz of comment someone rang for the steward to bring more drinks.

Jim Griswold had risen and was standing in front of the story-teller.

"You were a hide-buyer. So was my Uncle Arnold before he went farming. Why did you kill him?"

The man gasped. His face had gone a dirty white.

Jim produced a gold watch from his pocket and clicked open the back. "You left this behind. It is inscribed, 'A.G. on his twenty-first birthday.' I expect you 've told that tale a good many times, and it was bad luck you told it to the man who found the watch."

To the astonished steward he said: "Ask the captain to step along here. I 've caught a criminal."

The accused man recovered his wits. "I don't know what you mean," he protested. "As a matter of fact, the thing never happened. I heard a chap spin that yarn years ago, and I borrowed it. You can't connect me with that watch."

"I wouldn't bank on that," Jim told him grimly. "You see, the murderer left a perfectly good thumb-print on the inside of the case. He must have been examining the watch after he took it from the man he killed. The police photographed that thumb-print. If it isn't yours you can easily prove it."

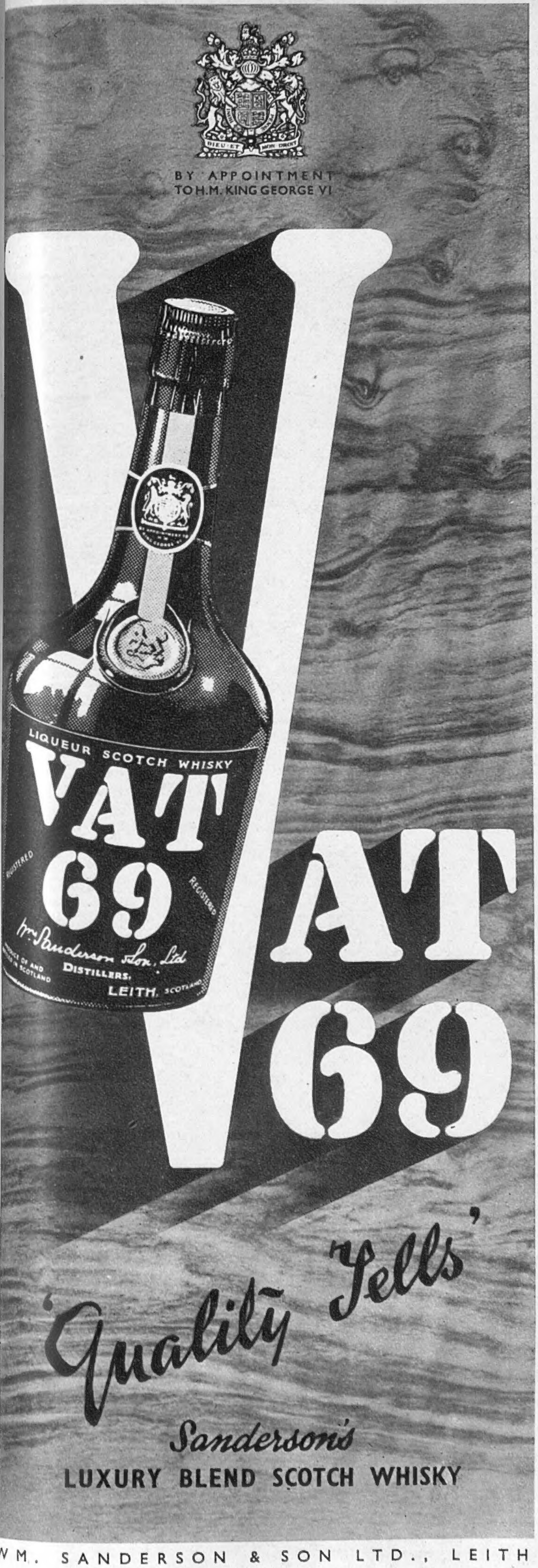
The man had sagged in his chair, all the bluster gone out of him.

"It was an accident!" he stammered.

"It certainly was," Jim agreed. "You may be interested to know I caught the other snake, too." Glancing at the watch in his hand he said reflectively: "Strange! When you dropped this in your panic to get away from the mamba it fell on a stone and the spring broke. That was at ten minutes to ten. It is that time now. The watch saved you, and betrayed you, at the same hour. Something significant about that, if I could put a name to it."

THE END.

All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.



WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD., LEITH

Until then . . .

Happy days will be here again when junk and old clothes are merely playthings for children. Until then, back up the Salvage Drive in your locality to the limit. For salvage releases shipping, defeats the enemy's attempt to starve us of raw materials, makes up for our lost sources of supply and helps to equip our fighting men. So turn out your attics, search your cupboards—from a discarded pram to a dog's bone all is grist to the salvage mill. By the way, everything in our illustration, except children and dog, is urgently needed for salvage.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX
LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88, REGENT STREET, W.1

WOMEN IN WARTIME

VERY CHEERFUL COLOURS

USEFUL TAILOR-MADES

SLIP-ON FROCKS

SIMPLICITY is the keynote of fashions to-day. For cinemas and theatres dresses are short, but for ceremonial occasions they are long; nevertheless, they do not sweep the ground. It is in the salons of Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, that the "throughout-the-day" model above may be seen. It is carried out in black crêpe marocain; the sleeves are short and the bolero is relieved with a touch of white. A feature is made of slip-on frocks in soft materials which have met with great success.

THERE is no doubt about it that the vogue for cheerful little frocks is very pronounced. Nowhere is to be found a more varied collection than at Jays, Regent Street. The basis of these frocks is the same, the colour schemes being varied. A typical model finds pictorial expression on this page. Wisteria and love-in-the-mist colourings predominate. Paisley shades have returned to favour. The materials in which they are carried out are attractive. They are very useful when off duty. Well-tailored suits occupy a very prominent position here.

NOTHING will persuade women to abandon the true tailored suit. Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, is very clever in creating them. The three-piece on the left comes from her salons. It is carried out in a soft wool which bears a resemblance to tweed. As will be seen, the coat and skirt are cut on simple lines, the scheme being completed with a cotton blouse. The pockets are stitched, and although flattering, it is loose-fitting and wears well. Of course, it may be worn with other suits. A few words must be said about the neat little check frocks that may appropriately be worn on many different occasions.

GORRINGE QUALITY CLOTHES

A CHARMING SUMMER

Frock

"CLIFTON"

Attractive frock in novelty printed crepe. The draped neckline and becoming fullness are simple but distinctive. Helio, Golden brown, Green or Red. Hips 38, 40, 42. **£6 . 16 . 4**

(7 coupons)

Gorringes

GORRINGES GAZETTE
Send 4d. for Summer and July issues.
Summer issue now ready.

[Fre]derick Gorringe Ltd. BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD., S.W.1 *Victoria 6666 (24 lines)*

Famous for Fine Quality

Smee's

PURE SILK

Lingerie

We have always been famous for our high standard of quality as regards both materials and workmanship, and we are making all efforts to maintain this in the present difficult circumstances.

Pure silk washing satin nightdress with attractive Empire bodice finishing with contrasting fold over shoulder, sash to tie at waist. In peach and lingerie shades. **£5·11·1**

(6 coupons)

Cami-knicker to match, sizes 34 in. to 40 in. bust. (3 coupons) **63/4**

Debenham & Freebody

Langham 4444 WIGMORE ST., W.1 *(Debenhams Ltd.)*

THE CRAFTSMAN LIVES IN HIS WORK

"If you would see my monument, look around" is the proud inscription on the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Craftsman gives his life to his work—and his achievement is his reward.

Almost 100 years of patient and skilful craftsmanship have gone to the perfecting of The Chatwood Safe and Strong Room. Throughout all those years a determination to be satisfied with nothing less than the best attainable has animated everyone concerned with their construction.

THE CHATWOOD SECURITY

THE CHATWOOD SAFE CO., LTD.
Bankers' Engineers
Head Office: SHREWSBURY, ENGLAND

Telegrams: Chatwood, Shrewsbury · Telephone: Shrewsbury 4001

LONDON · MANCHESTER · GLASGOW · BOMBAY

DEPENDABILITY

The Forth Bridge, opened in 1890, took seven years to build and cost £3,600,000. It covers 145 acres and 51,000 tons of steel were used. Painting the bridge occupies a large staff for three years. It is over 1½ miles long, with towers 361 ft. high, and carries two railway tracks with footpaths each side. Though there are now bigger bridges, engineers proclaim this traditionally "safe" bridge "The most remarkable structure of its kind in the world." We can fairly say of the Forth Bridge as millions throughout the world say of Champion Plugs, "*There's* Dependability for you!"

KEEP PLUGS CLEAN AND SAVE PETROL

Remember—the needs of the Services must come first.

CHAMPION
PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED

CHECK THE SQUANDER BUG!

You lucky people—you with a little credit balance at the bank—beware! The Squander Bug singles you out as his favourite victims. He knows how easy it is to write 'Self' on a cheque and go on a spending orgy. Give your Bank Manager a standing order to buy 3% Defence Bonds in your name every month. That's the way to check the Squander Bug!

3% DEFENCE BONDS: *Can be bought for cash in units of £5 from any Bank, Stockbroker, Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank or by instalments with National Savings Stamps (6d., 2/6 and 5/-). Interest paid half-yearly and Income Tax not deducted from it at source. Bonds repayable in 10 years with bonus of 1/- for each £5 invested. Can be cashed at par at 6 months' notice.*

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

The Testing Time

BEFORE the war, Ferranti Fires were sold chiefly on their ability to provide abundant radiant heat quickly. That they were robustly made, of the finest metals, was not unduly stressed, for the name Ferranti was assurance of quality.

NOW, when new fires are no longer obtainable, is the testing time of pre-war quality. Those who own Ferranti models have reason to commend their choice. There are, we know, many 1930 to 1939 Ferranti models still in regular use.

HOW your domestic appliances stand up to war-time demands is worth remembering when you are able to replace them with newer models after the war. Meanwhile, use electricity sparingly—in the interests of Fuel Economy—and do try to avoid its use between 8 a.m. and 1 p.m. when the demand on the supply system is greatest.

FERRANTI
Radiant Electric Fires

FIRST • FOREMOST • HOTTEST

Ferranti Ltd., Moston, Manchester, 10.

London Office: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2.

FF289